

SUNDAY ADVERTISER

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EDITOR

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THE DIVISION OF DUTY.

"A lazy brute of an Indian was hulking along," said a fiery suffragette the other day, "and his squaw followed carrying all the family baggage." Whereupon the assembled sisterhood made a noise like steam.

But let us be charitable to poor Lot. He is merely the victim of habit, which, at root, had a really noble purpose.

In the good old times when it was the custom to be met by one's next-door neighbor and killed, if the neighbor was able to get you before you did him, the Indian brave had to travel light so he could fight for his mate and the family chattels at the drop of a feather. He carried only a bow and arrows and perhaps a club. Not being able to hire a servant, he, of course, depended on his wife to pack the baggage.

When the day of peril finally passed, the custom did not go with it. Custom holds on like a steel trap. Not only had the noble red man got used to traveling with a free arm, but the lady of the wigwam had come to consider the impedimenta of the march as her own by prescriptive right. She would have made more fuss if the brave had tried to relieve her of a folded tepee, some of the fur bedding, the cooking pot, the latest infant and the deer carcass than he would if she had asked him to do the week's washing. So, being a philosopher, he let things go on as they had gone for centuries.

It's a good deal the same way with civilized society. Eight out of ten women the world over carry all they can shoulder, leaving the superior being free to dictate to the typewriter, drop in at the club and test the latest cocktail or to carry on such milder diversions as his spirit may prompt.

Suffragettes mourn, but the gods of things as they are seem satisfied.

Who Owns American Wealth

Leslie's Weekly.

Sweeping generalizations and deductions collapse when put to the test of facts. The railroads of the United States are not entirely owned by the Harrimans, Vanderbilts, Morgans, Hills, Goulds and the other magnates with which their names are popularly associated. Approximately the Pennsylvania road at this moment has 60,000 stockholders, the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fe has 25,000, and the New York Central has 23,000. The roads are owned by the 1,500,000 or more persons who hold their stocks and bonds, scattered all over the country, who comprise all sorts and conditions of men and women. So it is with the steel trust. Gary, Perkins, Frick and others are among its officials, but the 100,000 persons, residing in every state and territory, who own that combination's stocks and bonds, have a voice in the appointment of those officials and are decidedly interested in the company's fortunes. The Standard Oil has over 7000 owners or partners—whatever you may call its stockholders.

It is the same in the case of the mines, steamboats, street car systems and the rest of the great interests of the country. Each of these activities stands for a sum of money which bulks large in the aggregate. When divided among their hundreds, their thousands or their hundreds of thousands of shareholders, the sums which they represent to their individual owners are seen to be in most cases quite moderate.

Many millions of dollars of bonds and stocks are held in trust for women and children. The number so held, and the number held in small sums by individuals, are constantly and rapidly increasing. This is especially true at the present time. Speculation is relatively dull. The operations on the great exchanges are small compared with those of recent times. This shows that a far larger number of the stocks have been bought outright and are held as investments than was the case in any previous time. More than a third of the 100,000 persons who hold stocks of the United States Steel Corporation are employees of the many scores of mills and mines which are represented in that combination.

The 2,000,000 stockholders of the various corporations of the United States were only about 1,000,000 ten years ago. They are likely to be 4,000,000 ten years hence.

Kipling Not a Prophet

The Nation.

Rudyard Kipling was for a number of years the most convenient club, and perhaps the most fitting club, with which to belabor Mr. Alfred Austin. But it would require no great stretch of the imagination to conceive England's poet laureate himself as the author of Kipling's latest outburst against the radical measures of the Asquith Ministry.

They said: Who has toiled? Who hath striven and gathered possession?

Let him be spoiled; he hath given full proof of transgression.

Kipling as statesman and prophet never impressed himself upon the serious men of Great Britain. The trend of Imperial politics has been, at bottom, away from what his muse has pictured and urged. His chief grievance used to be that the mother country neither cared for nor watched over her daughter commonwealths sufficiently. The mother is now looking towards her daughters for aid and comfort in her depression. The lower breeds whom it was Britain's mission to keep down and govern without asking are now her allies in Japan, and participants in a larger share of self-government in India. The flannelled fool and the muddled oaf, it is true, have been going in for a little more volunteer soldiering of late, but only because of a panic fear of invasion, and not out of a growing sense of Imperial duty. If now the flavor of Kipling's verse depart, wherewith shall the poet's reputation be salted? His swing and color created at least an atmosphere of exaltation in which the faults of his logic might be forgotten. But bad logic in doggerel can be only ridiculous.

The Vanity of Criminals

Everybody's.

Criminologists speak of the braggart vanity of the criminal. It is true of erotic offenders, perhaps. But the thief will tell of the number of times he has fooled the police merely by way of self-justification. He admits the premise that he was a fool ever to become a criminal, and he recounts his triumphs only to indicate to you that, at least, he is not an absolute idiot.

Also criminologists point out the childish vanity of the criminal who becks his person with jewels when he is prosperous. In this the criminal is no vainer than his honest brother. But jewels are about the only sort of property that he can safely possess, as was the case of the Jews in the old days when they were the driven race. The criminal may not with any safety become a bank depositor, and he is usually too much of a spendthrift to carry a roll of cash; but he finds that if he is arrested and can show some handsome diamond ornament and a valuable watch, he will have no difficulty in securing a good lawyer and a bondsman, and will have a fighting chance for acquittal at his trial.

But always, be it understood, the crook is peering into the windows of the House of Respectability with wistful eyes. "Al" Adams, with more than a million dollars earned from despicable policy gambling, which robbed children of their pennies and caused starvation in tenement homes, found himself an enforced hermit in a crowded city. Even his family did not live with him. In a suit of rooms at the Ansonia, with a Japanese servant who had no personal feeling for him, the man lived alone. He craved human association. Sometimes he got it on false pretenses from chance acquaintances. But he would shortly be identified, and again there was only utter loneliness for him. He shot himself.

First Farmer (pointing to the flaring horn on an automobile)—What's that thing for? Second Farmer—That's the thing they blow jes' before they run y' down.—Town and Country.

THE BYSTANDER



Scaring Off Customers.

A Cobb to the Rescue.

Atcherley's Two Natures.

Not Government for Officeholders.

Greeting Lorrin Andrews.

The Speed of Antos.

Passerby along Artesian street at Dole are attracted by the beauty of a lovely garden of roses. The blooms are particularly fine, and to see them is to want them. Many a lady, and gentleman, too, has stopped to admire the beautiful growths and wondered at such superb flowers being grown in spite of the ravenous Japanese beetle, which seems to take a special delight in feeding on roses.

Then the admirer sees, as if in answer to her desire, a sign upon the gate, "Roses For Sale." Involuntarily she steps forward to take advantage of the tempting offer, but, what's that! another sign alongside, says, "Beware of the Dog."

And the horticulturist wonders why no one calls to buy his roses.

I see that Henry Cobb Adams, formerly of Cobhurst, Cobb Center by Cobb Creek, Cobbshire, England, has entered the lists for the jury system, had as it is. My suspicions are thus confirmed. If there is anybody who stands in awe of a degenerate old precedent, and drops on his knees whenever he smells anything musty enough to burn on the ashheap, it is your typical English squire, his sons, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts. Why, even the royal family wouldn't have draughtpipes put into Windsor Castle until Queen Victoria's time, and those were so corroded with antiquity, having been originally used for draining a swamp by the Roman invaders, that the Kaiser complained about it in a letter to a friend of his in England which saw light a year or so ago. Let a thing be so old that you have to detect its presence by the nose or the spectroscope and you have something that all the Cobbs from Cobb mere to Ben Cobb and back to Cobb-Alley-by-the-Thames will fight for until they drop their last h. And they will fight well, too; I'll say that much for them. It was old Squire Cobb who stood up King John in Runnymede times and threatened to call a special venire then and there who gave the jury system its first lift, and there you are. Nobody can blame Cobb-Adams under the circumstances for holding out. A mixed island jury, which appreciates justice just about as much as a pig would sidepockets, gets into the box with no fair purpose in the world—except in the case of three or four average good men—and proceeds with unholy glee to do the other fellow up without the slightest concern for the case itself. Must we kick? Heavens no! The jury system is almost as sacred as if it came down from the Druids, sacrosanct, musty, redolent of humping and wrong—about as good as throwing dice for justice—yet it must stand because of Runnymede. I'm mighty glad that they didn't establish trial by ordeal at Runnymede or we'd have it yet, with Dr. Atcherley and Dr. Wayson clubbing each other in court with the earnest and patriotic support of a whole phalanx of Cobbs.

Judge Andrade says he never heard a clearer argument made in police court than Dr. Atcherley's in his summing up. Dignified, clear, acute, at times able, the poor doctor made an impression which, if you did not know the strange phases of paranoia, would amaze you that such a man should be arraigned for insanity. Yet it was the same Doctor who sat up with his gun night after night, listening to voices which no one else could hear and following an imaginary conversation between a phantom in the attic and a group of malevolent plotters in the sewer. Ah me, 'tis a queer world with its female flocks, its learned lunatics, its subway ghosts, its polt-geist tricks, and heaven tell us what not by way of pathological variety.

The futile attempt that has been made to show that there has been discrimination in the changes in the government department is not borne out by the record, the fact of the case being that the so-called "favored class" has suffered the heaviest in the changes that have been made necessary by the transfer of work and revenues to the counties, under the operation of the county control idea as emphasized by the last Legislature.

In speaking of the changes that had been made, and with particular reference to George Smithies, formerly the deputy insurance commissioner attached to the Treasurer's office, Governor Frear has stated that his veto of the appropriation of the salary for the deputy insurance commissioner was essential because of the arrangement of the appropriations for that department.

With the exception of the salaries of the Treasurer and the Registrar, the salary of the deputy insurance commissioner was the only segregated item, the appropriation for the running expenses of the department and the payment of the salaries of the other assistants being included in the aggregate. The state of the Territorial finances required that the appropriation for the Treasury department be reduced below the figure approved by the Legislature's conference committee on the appropriation bill. It was impossible for the Governor to veto any item except the one for the deputy insurance commissioner, and in this he was sustained by the Legislature.

The reductions in the clerical force of the departments, Governor Frear states, is due solely to the fact that the last Legislature went positively on record as favoring the idea of county control, an idea which was carried out by the turning over of revenues and increased responsibilities to the counties with a corresponding decrease in the duties to be performed by the Territorial departments.

No one has yet advanced the theory that the government should retain officeholders whether there is work for them or not, but this conclusion is perhaps not beyond the reasoning powers of those who criticize the Governor for acts enforced by the Legislature of 1909.

Some of the politicians went to the wharf the other day and fell on Lorrin Andrews' neck and called him Mose. Others stood on the corners and talked about it. Some went to their offices and looked glum. Away off in the bushes sounded the low, plaintive bleat of a calf. Everybody seemed to think that the man who ran the Republican State campaign of Nevada last year and brought the party strength up within 200 votes of carrying the State for Taft, would be heard from in next year's politics on Oahu. Who knows! As for Lorrin himself, he keeps shy of politics and talks law; but I shall watch him with an off eye the minute the band begins to play and the boys gather about the monkey cage.

The traffic ordinance now before the Board of Supervisors places the maximum lawful speed of motor cars at fifteen miles an hour within the restricted district, and "at a reasonable rate of speed" in other parts of Honolulu.

It is no doubt very desirable that motor cars should be driven at a reasonable rate of speed, but, pray, who is to determine that rate? Shall the police magistrate determine what rate of speed can be considered reasonable? The ordinance does not say so. Shall the policeman on the beat have the power? The ordinance does not say so. In fact, by intimation at least, the determining of what shall be considered a reasonable rate of speed falls upon the driver himself.

No doubt the great majority of motorists in Honolulu are persons in whose hands this discretion may safely be left, but some account must be made of the indiscreet. The speed-mad joy-rider may think fifty miles an hour a very reasonable rate of speed, if his motor car be equipped with engines allowing him to make sixty. In fact, he is likely to think that he is exercising the greatest discretion if he holds himself down to a half century once in sixty minutes.

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Commercial News

By Churchill Harvey-Elder.

The general tone of the Stock Exchange during the week past was good. Some stocks showed a tendency to drop a little, but the balance was pretty evenly maintained by the advance of others. The probable output of most of the sugar plantations is known by this time, and there is little danger of any great fluctuation on that score.

Oahu continued on the doubtful list, gyrating about somewhat, but there was no noticeable tendency on the part of any of the larger holders to let go. Ewa was a little unsteady.

Inter-island showed a tendency to stability at a strong figure. The announcement of the new dividend rate as 65 cents a month was probably responsible for the advance.

Brewery stock weakened somewhat, probably owing to the decision of the License Commission in regard to Sunday and late-hour closing. The week's sales in this stock totalled only 150 shares.

Bonds to the amount of \$34,000 changed hands during the week, prices being pretty steady in all cases. The new Hilo 6s proved popular and bore out the prophecies made for them.

Olaa and Waiatus made their appearance, but only one block of each was sold.

Strike talk has ceased to be a matter of much interest on Merchant street. Except very indirectly, labor conditions do not seem to be affecting the market in the least. With the settlement of the strike at Waipahu, there will probably be a very slight strengthening in Oahu, though only owing to the probable bearing of the settlement on the dividend rate.

Coast prices, which became a little shaky when garbled reports of the labor troubles began to reach the mainland, are strengthening up in great shape, and are fully equal to those prevailing on the Honolulu Exchange.

This is looked upon as a good sign, indicating that financial interests on the mainland are satisfied as to the ability of the plantations to handle the labor situation without difficulty. At least one sugar stock was given a considerable impetus by cabled orders from the mainland early last week.

Hawaiian Commercial & Sugar furnished the excitement on the "Change. With the last sales at \$31.25, the holders were asking \$31.50 on Tuesday, when a cable order came from the Coast, and the price took an upward jump to \$32.50, asked. Yesterday there was but little in sight at the high figure and no one seemed inclined to let go. There were rumors current on Merchant street of a sale of 500 shares, but no such transaction was recorded on the "Change.

Hawaiian Sugar showed a general upward tendency. The last sales a week ago were at \$42.50. Early last week a few sales were recorded at \$43, and a small lot is reported to have gone at \$43.50. A block of any size would probably have brought \$44 yesterday. The activity in this stock is probably due, in a measure, to the rumor of a coming stock dividend. That such a dividend will be made seems to be the general belief among brokers, but no statement of an official nature has been issued.

Oahu experienced a general sag during the week. The old rumor of a cut in dividends is being revived and this is probably responsible for the drop in prices. Early next month the directors will meet, and it is not likely that there will be any great increase in strength until the result of the meeting is known. Should the dividend be cut, there may be a further slight fall in the price, but should the directors see fit to keep the dividend where it now is, a general strengthening is probable.

Oahu opened the week at \$29.25, 505 shares in all changing hands at that figure. All of the deals were small ones. The price continued constant until Thursday morning, when it fell to \$29. But five shares brought this figure, the next sales being at \$28.75. The low figure continued until the end of the week, and but few small sales were recorded.

Olaa, which has been quiescent for some time, again made its appearance on the trading sheets. The last recorded sales were at \$4.25, but the only shares sold during the last week went at \$3.50. In all some 200 shares went at that figure. The holding price Saturday was at the five-eighths. Olaa-plantation crop has fallen a little short of the estimate and some of the small holders are letting go. This probably accounts for the drop in price.

Waiatus showed a decided upward tendency, and there was an evident desire in many quarters to get in. The last sales on Tuesday were made at \$90. Yesterday the stock stood \$95.50 bid, \$99.50 asked. Fifty-one shares went yesterday at \$90, but there was little in sight at that price.

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Small Talks

GEORGE LYCURGUS—Yes, I have come to stay, and am sorry I didn't come sooner.

W. L. LANGTON—Did I have a good time while I was in San Francisco? Well, say—!

COMMISSIONER ALMY—It's great to be an editor. Have you seen the Pathfinder today?

LORRIN ANDREWS—Everybody talks politics to me, but nobody has yet made a sound like a fee.

JOHN EMMELUTH—That proposed plumbing ordinance is quite satisfactory as it now stands.

SHERIFF JARRETT—We don't have anything to do on Sunday now—the saloons are closed that day.

GOVERNOR FREAR—I would like to be present at the Alaska-Yukon Exposition on Hawaii's day, but fear it will be impossible.

HIGH SHERIFF HENRY—I will leave for the mainland the latter part of next month, and will make an extended trip, visiting my old home in Maine.

SUPT. BABBITT—I am taking a supply of the Promotion Committee's Aloha buttons with me, and I shall pin one on every person aboard the Korea.

SUPT. MARSTON CAMPBELL—From the artesian wells of Oahu alone we are pumping each year two-thirds enough water to fill the great Roosevelt dam.

PURSER SMITH—It doesn't look as if the old Alameda is a "has been" yet, does it? Broke her own record coming down this trip, and beat the Mongolia up.

J. M. DOWSETT—I am one of those in favor of opening the botanical gardens to the public. I believe that the privilege is one that people will appreciate, and I do not believe that we shall find that any damage is done to the trees.

W. P. FENNELL—The Bystander article appearing in last Sunday's Advertiser, concerning the lack of harmony existing between the Territorial and Federal authorities in regard to the illicit liquor traffic, conveys one erroneous impression. Judge Andrade is accused of harshly treating "informers" in blind pig cases. I am always in court when these cases are heard, and desire to say that he hears cases on their merits, and have never heard him treat harshly any witnesses or informers produced by myself—although there have been instances when it would not have surprised me if words of warning might be heard from the Judge. In this court the prosecution, in illicit liquor selling cases, have been able to obtain about 90 per cent of convictions, so this speaks for itself.

Canadian Antipathy

The Nation.

American historians are tardily beginning to see that the Tories of the Revolution, however complacent they may have been toward Parliament's invasion of the colonists' rights, were not universally so contemptible a lot of poltroons as they appear in the popular opinion of the day. There were many intelligent and courageous men among them to whom the British connection seemed priceless, and who were wont to excuse the taxes imposed on the colonists on the ground that imperial defence demanded colonial contributions. Many of them left their homes and property and fled to Canada, embittered by their severe treatment in the colonies to the south. There thus existed a nucleus of United Empire loyalists in Canada whose harsh experience was a strong bar to political friendship with the States. The unsuccessful American invasion of Canada in the War of the Revolution, an invasion repeated in the War of 1812—where Canada at least was blameless of aggression upon our seamen—did much to consolidate the latent feeling of antipathy.